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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



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THE Juvenile Temperance Reciter

No. 4.

A COLLECTION

OF

CHOICE RECITATIONS AND DECLAMATIONS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

FOR USE IN

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, DAY-SCHOOLS, BANDS OF HOPE, JUVENILE
TEMPLES, LOYAL TEMPERANCE LEGIONS, AND ALL
JUVENILE ORGANIZATIONS.

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EDITED BY

MISS L. PENNEY,

Editor of "The Juvenile Temperance Reciter," Nos. 1, 2, and 3;
"The Temperance Platform," etc.

NEW YORK:

The National Temperance Society and Publication House,
NO. 58 READE STREET.

1893.

APR 10 1893
CITY OF WASHINGTON

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1893.

PRESS OF
EDWARD C. JENKINS' SON,
20 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

P R E F A C E.

THE most encouraging feature of the Temperance Reform to-day is the increasing interest in the work among the young. Juvenile Societies are multiplying all over the land, where instruction and entertainment are combined at their regular meetings. The part taken by the children themselves in reciting and declaiming is always interesting to their friends, as well as to the members of the Band, and the children are also greatly benefited.

To aid all who are seeking for new and suitable material for such entertainments, and for recitations for the *little* boys and girls in Sunday-schools, day-schools, and all juvenile organizations, this book has been prepared, and is sent forth on its helpful mission.

THE COMPILER.

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JUVENILE TEMPERANCE RECITER.

The Stuffed Cat.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

[A little girl is seated on a low stool with a stuffed cat by her right side
Enter boy from the left.]

GIRL.

I HAVE a pussy cat,
And it never caught a rat,
Nor has ever drank a single drop of milk ;
I never saw it eat
E'en a bit of bread or meat ;
Yet its coat is just as soft and smooth as silk ;
It is never in a fight,
It will neither scratch nor bite,
And at dogs it neither growls nor runs away ;
I never knew it steal,
And I never heard it squeal,
Not even if I pinch it when we play.

BOY.

I wish that I could be
Just as good. Please let me see
This goody cat, and then perhaps I can.

(Girl lifts cat into her lap.)

BOY (*in surprise*).

No wonder it is good!
I, or anybody could
Be so, if made of print and stuffed with bran!
Give me a boy with brains
Who, although it gives him pain,
Will overcome temptation and be strong!
Who says, "I'll be a man,
And although I know I *can*,
I *won't* do what my conscience says is wrong."

(*He walks off the stage*).

GIRL (*taking the cat in her arms, says to audience*).

After what has occurred I must admit that there is one
boy who knows as much as a STUFFED CAT.

Fire!

THE smoking steeds dash through the street,
The pavement rings beneath their feet;
The firemen speed to gallant deed,
For, hark! the cry of "Fire!"
"Stand by," they cry, as on they fly,
"We cannot stay! Away! Away!
Lest men in flames expire. Fire! Fire!"
On, on they dash, the iron hoofs flash,
The horses need no spur or lash;
In lurid beam the helmets gleam,
Hark! Hark! the cry of "Fire! Fire! Fire!"
On, on they haste, for wreck and waste
May soon devour with fatal power,
And work a havoc dire.

And now they near the scene of fear,
To work they go with lusty cheer,
By arm and steam the hissing stream
 To force upon the fire ;
The flames uprise and paint the skies,
The red sparks fly abroad and high,
 As roars the burning pyre. " Fire! Fire!"
At smoking windows now appear
The inmates, wild with grief and fear ;
" Help! help!" they cry, " Help or we die!
 Oh, save us from the fire! Fire! Fire!"
The ladders bring, the fire-ropes fling,
Up, up, brave men, try once again
 Ere the red flames rage higher.
It's nobly done! the victory's won!
They bring them safely one by one;
The ladders bend as they descend,
 And fiercer roars the fire.
The timbers crash, yet in they dash,
That none may lie and helpless die
 In heat and torture dire from fire.
So let our noble Temperance Bands
Haste to the rescue, hearts and hands,
A Life Brigade, all undismayed
 To daring deeds we all aspire.
Strive men to save from drunkard's grave,
With loving hands we pluck the brands
 From Alcohol's cruel fire.

The Drink for Me.

IF water makes the flowers bloom,
And spreads the sturdy tree,
And makes all nature sweet and bright,
Then that's the drink for me.

The Power of Littles.

L. PENNEY.

FOR A BOY.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am only a little fellow, and that is why I have been called out to speak on a little subject—the power of *Littles*. Time is made up of littles; the seconds make the minutes, minutes make the hours, and hours make the day. Life is made up of littles. The sea-shore—the big grand sea-shore that keeps back the ocean, is made up of nothing but little grains of sand. The ocean itself, and even our wonderful Niagara, depend on little things, the tiny rain-drops and dew-drops which feed the streams, rivers, and lakes. Despise not the day of small things.

A very small anchor may hold a big ship, and keep her from going to destruction. A little word spoken at the right time may help some one in sore trouble.

The temperance people have a big work before them; they mean to kill the giant—Strong Drink, and if they could only keep the little drops from going down people's throats he would surely die. Perhaps you think little boys and girls cannot do much. Well, maybe they cannot, but they can do something. They can at least see that none of the little drops of strong drink go down their throats; if every boy and girl would do this, how would this giant manage to live when they grow to be men and women? Our arms may be weak, but our hearts are strong. We can speak, we can sing, we can hand a tract to some one, and we can talk, oh! how we can talk when we have something good to talk about!

Did you ever hear of the little fellow who helped push a big life-boat that saved the crew of a sinking vessel? It was on a wild and stormy night, and the ship was beating on the rocks. The minute-guns boomed out for aid. A group of excited fishermen gathered on the shore trying to

launch a heavy life-boat. They pushed with all their might, but in vain. The women came out and helped, but still the boat did not move. They grew tired and discouraged. At length one of the men shouted: "Another twenty pounds push and she would go!"

A ragged little fellow standing by, who looked too small and weak to aid, cried out, "Why, *I* could push twenty pounds! Please try again and let me help." He did help—they all pushed together, and away went the boat into the boiling water. Cannot a little fellow do something? I guess so!

The Violet's Prayer.

MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

A THIRSTY little violet
Looked up into the sky,
So blue it was, so far away,
So radiant and so high.
She did not speak the want she felt,
But One there was who knew.
He sent the pretty little flower
Bright drops of evening dew.
The violet looked up and smiled
In thankfulness, and then
Down over all her velvet robes
Came the soft summer rain.
Then all the pretty violets
And all the gay, bright flowers
Looked beautiful and fair again
Under the summer shower.
When flower, or bird, or little child
Looks up in prayer to heaven,
God listens, surely as He lives
An answer shall be given.

Do You ?

H. ELLIOTT M'BRIDE.

FOR A BOY.

I AM a youth of tender years,
I strive to live aright ;
I think I am an honest boy,
I aim to be polite.
Whatever's right and pure and good
I always try to do ;
I do not swear, nor lie, nor cheat,
I do not smoke, nor chew—
Do you ?

And to the boys before me now
I have a word to say ;
Give heed unto my little speech,
And my advice obey.
Be honest, fair, sincere, and square,
In all you have to do.
And let me tell you ere I close,
I neither smoke nor chew—
Do you ?

Then let me say to men and boys,
Go forward in your might ;
With heart aglow, "hoe out your row,"
And work for truth and right.
Perhaps you wish I'd close my speech ;
Well, I am nearly through ;
But let me say to you again,
I neither smoke nor chew—
Do you ?

The Forgetful Messenger.

EDWARD ROYDS.

[An amusing exercise for three characters. A bright girl dressed for the street, with basket on her arm ; an older girl, who takes the character of Mother ; and a little boy.]

GIRL.

“ MOTHER dear, look, now I’m ready,
Only tell me what to get ;
I will take such care of Freddy—
He is such a darling pet.”

MOTHER.

“ Yes, dear, now just listen, dearie,
Don’t forget a single thing :
This is what you’ve got to get me,
All of these be sure to bring :
A pound of rice, a can of spice,
And two nice mutton chops,
A pint and a half of nourishing stout,
And an ounce of acid drops.”

GIRL.

“ All right, mother, I’ll remember,
I do not care for rain a mite !
We’ll be home again directly,
Watch us till we’re out of sight.

(She takes FREDDY by the hand, and recites as they walk along.)

“ I’ll say it over all the time,
Then I never can forget ;
Don’t talk, Freddy, I am thinking,
Be quite still, now, there’s a pet—

“ A pound of rice, a pint of spice,
And two nice acid drops,
An ounce and a half of nourishing stout,
And a can of mutton chops.

“ Oh, look ! whatever do I see,
Two organ men, I do declare ;
Look, Freddy, look ! they’ve got a monkey,
And a great big shaggy bear.

(They stand still for a couple of minutes, with backs to audience, as if looking at monkey.)

“ A pound of rice, an ounce of spice,
And a pint of mutton chops,
A can and a half of——oh, dear !
Oh, whatever else did she say ?

(She starts on, giving FREDDY a pull.)

“ Come, Freddy, make haste, darling,
Pray do not let us stop !
I’ll remember what the rest is
When I see the shop.

“ An ounce of rice, a pint of spice,
A can of acid drops,
A pound and a half of nourishing stout.
(Oh, dear, dear, whatever came next ?)

“ Oh, there’s the sweetest little bird,
I think it’s got a nest ;
Yes, there it is, all made of hay,
Just see its lovely breast.

(They stop again.)

“ A can of rice, a pound of spice,
An ounce of mutton chops,
A——oh dear, oh dear, I can’t remember.

" There goes a lovely butterfly,
The first I've seen this year ;
I must just rush and catch it,
Wait for me, Freddy dear.

(She runs off a little distance and then comes back, and continues recitation.)

" Oh, let's see, what have I got to get ?
A pint of rice, a can of spice,
A pound——

" Oh, what shall I do ; I have nearly forgotten it all ! I wonder what time it is ? I believe it's getting late. Oh, what have I got to get ? A pound of soap ? Oh, no, that wasn't it ! Mustard ? No. Lard ? No. Dear, dear, it has all gone out of my head. Oh, I remember one thing !—Stout. That's it. Oh, how I wish we had gone straight on and not stopped on the way for that stupid old monkey. Mother will wonder where we've gone, and she'll be worrying herself to pieces at home. Stout, stout, stout ; oh, whatever else was there ? Stout, stout, stout !

" It's muddled up the other things,
And mixed them in my mind,
And now I can't remember one,
I've left them all behind.

" I never did forget before
When mother sent me out,
So I shall lay the blame upon
That nasty bottled stout."

A Strike.

Against a tyrant we have struck
Who causes woe and shame.
Who is this tyrant ? Do you ask ?
King Alcohol's his name.

Little Tong Wong.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

[For a little boy who should be dressed as a Chinaman. A braid of hair can be fastened to the inside of hat crown, and hang down his back.]

"MELICAN man welly funny. I go live out in Melican family. I washee dishee for Melican lady. She say, 'Tong, be welly careful not breakee dishee. They much money cost,' so I careful not breakee dishee. Then I waitee on table. Missee put much bottle on table. Melican man drinkee out of bottle. Missee she drinkee, too. Then they laugh and get much funny. Then they get mad. Melican man he throw dishee on floor, and breakee all to pieces (*makes motion as if throwing*). Then Missee throw sugar bowl at Melican man, breakee him all to pieces (*makes an energetic motion as if throwing something*); sugar bowl, not Melican man. Then he kick over table (*throws out right foot*), and breakee lots of dishee.

"Then I run away. Next day I say I makee it allee lightee, so I hide bottle away. When Missee say, 'Tong, where is bottle?' I say, 'Allee lightee, Missee, I throw him away so he no more breakee dishee, they so much cost.' Then she welly mad, callee me 'little fool' and 'heathen Chinees.' Melican man welly funny."

A Nice Little Time.

THAD. OLIVER.

I SAW a little doggery upon a little hill;
I saw a little ugly man a-coming from the mill.
And in the little doggery the little man did go,
To take a little merry grog with his little neighbor Joe.
And when they took a little grog they felt a little big;
They laughed a little hearty laugh and danced a little jig.

They took a little more, and then they got a little tight ;
They disagreed on politics, and had a little fight.
And when they had a little fight they felt as large as life ;
Each staggered to his little home and whipped his little
wife.

Wise Little Jack.

CHARLES N. SINNETT.

Two strong lads, one morning bright,
Were running about the shore,
Looking to see what the tide had brought
To land with its rush and roar.

Tangled with kelp and sea-weed brown
Were the driftwood sticks and blocks,
And Jack and Dan laughed merrily,
Tossing them high on the rocks.

"They all will make such jolly fires,"
Said Dan, "when the days are cold !"
And then his hand on a shining flask
In the sea-weed took firm hold.

"And here's what keeps the sailors warm
When the winds are blowing loud !"
"'Tis rum," cried Jack, "and it spoils the blood,
And it makes men old and bowed."

Just then a man with trembling steps
Came over the rocks in view,
And the wind which reddened the boy's warm cheeks
Made his look pinched and blue.

"He was the strongest tar in the Port,"
Jack pityingly did say.
"And the liquor wrecked him," whispered Dan,
As he flung the flask away.

Crash ! it went upon the stones.
Said the sailor at the sound,
"These temperance lads will be hardy men,
And useful, I'll be bound !"

How the Robins Know When 'tis Going to Rain.

BETH DAY.

"OH, dear, how I wonder," said little Jane,
"How the robins know when 'tis going to rain ?
There was not a cloud in the clear, blue sky
This morning when Farmer LeRoy went by,
On his way to his fields to cut the hay,
But he said, 'Hear the robins ; 'twill rain to-day.'

"Old robin was singing so loud and clear
That I stopped on my way to school to hear ;
Up and down, up and down, the sweet song went,
Just as though the spray he stood on bent
And swayed beneath him ; so loud and clear,
As if he wished the whole world to hear.

"Said the farmer, out in his early grain,
'Hear the pesky robins ; 'tis going to rain !'
So I went and asked my brother Lew
If he couldn't tell how the robins knew.
He answered—but it wasn't a bit of use—
'Why, their mothers tell 'em, you silly goose !'

“ But I have been thinking all day, and now
I’m sure I can tell for myself just how ;
For once I awoke in the still, dark night,
When only the moon had her lamps alight,
And opened the window to take a peep
At the great big world, as it lay asleep.

“ Not a leaf or a flower seemed to be awake,
Not a trembling dew-drop a sound to make ;
I could almost hear—for no clouds were nigh—
The wee stars twinkling up in the sky ;
And over the wood, by the garden wall,
I saw what I thought was a young star fall.

“ And then the next minute a little bird
Sang the sweetest song that I ever heard ;
I know what I thought was a falling star
Was an angel, come from his home afar,
To say to the bird that sang out so plain,
‘ Little bird, tell the robins ’tis going to rain.’ ”

You Can All Do It.

I HEARD my papa tell the other day of a big meeting where some wise men talked for over two hours, of the best way to close the drinking-saloons. They called them “ public-houses.” It is an easy thing to do, and you can every one do it, for

“ There is a little ‘ public-house ’
Which every one may close ;
It is the little ‘ public-house ’
Just underneath the nose.”

Our Band of Hope.

THERE are many kinds of bands. Parson's bands, generally very white and prim; brass bands, always more or less loud; elastic bands, of great variety and size; marriage bands, not at all elastic, yet thought a good deal of by most people; hat-bands, sometimes very deep, but not always significant of grief; "the gusset and band," made famous by Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and always used by teetotalers. There is a verb that I hope will never apply to our band, that is, to disband. Then there are waist-bands, often very ornamental, and sometimes very tight—yet this is a very harmless way of getting tight.

There are leather bands for machinery, that connect the many wheels in a factory to the motive power that drives the whole mill. There are other strong bands, and many weak bands; good bands and bad bands; torn bands, severed bands, mended bands, and some broken forever.

There are bands of soldiers, bands of robbers, bands of music, and "bands of love." Innumerable are the bands of sorrow; there is but one *Band of Hope*, and that is a good band indeed, the best band of all.

Our Band of Hope is a band of members united for doing good in the most hopeful way.

First. Each member does good to himself. Our temperance pledge is sure to improve our health, and tends to keep us well. It will be a moral safeguard. It will provide for us against the many temptations of life. It gives us decision of character. Brings us into contact with many friends whose influence will be for good, and by whom we shall not be led astray. It not only saves us from actual vice and possible dangers, but it enables us to be of use to those about us.

Second. We are united together to do good to others. Our example is an attack upon the foe in the most power-

ful way. Every one who joins our movement is adding another extra weight in the scales on the side of temperance and sobriety. The work of redeeming the world from sin belongs to all good people ; but our special work is to save ourselves and others from intemperance and all the wretchedness it brings. We cannot all be great heroes like some of the famous leaders, nor all great orators, like Mr. Gough, nor all great writers—nor yet even speakers and conductors ; but we can all be earnest and faithful and brave, constant at the meeting, ready to bring others, trying to make *my* society a great success. It would not do to have all the army composed of officers and trumpeters ; the strength of every regiment is in the discipline, order, and courage of the individual soldiers. We will each try to be faithful and true, and thus shall our army grow strong.

Dolly's Name.

B. E. S.

[For a little girl, with doll in her arms.]

I've brought my dolly to show you ;

Don't you think she's a pet ?

A prettier dolly, I feel sure,

You've never seen as yet.

And I've had to give her a name, you know ;

Oh dear ! 'twas quite a nuisance—quite !

There are plenty of names to be had, of course,

But none of them seemed quite right.

But I've had a bright idea now—

I thought of it yesterday.

I shall call my dolly "Temperance,"

Because, you see, they say,

At Band of Hope, that if fathers drink
Too much of beer or wine,
Their children can't have pretty clothes,
Nor dollies dear, like mine.

And I'm a Band of Hope girl now,
And always want to be,
So I'll call my dolly "Temperance,"
Then I sha'n't forget, you see.

Learn to Say "No."

FOR A BOY.

I'VE just heard this, that where'er you go,
If you wish to be safe, you must learn to say "No."
If you stammer out "Yes"—they'll bother you so,
They'll perhaps make you drunk before you go.

 " Just try
 A glass or so ;
There can be no harm in a glass, you know,"
And so I've signed the temperance pledge ;
 And now where'er I go,
I'll tell them I'm a staunch teetotaler,
 And always answer " No ! "

There's a lady comes with a glass, you see :
" Why, surely, sir, you'll drink with me ;
It's ginger wine, from the home-made bin ;
And it's got no spirit, for I put none in."
 Just try a glass or so.

Said master to me the other day,
" You've earned something more than your weekly pay ;
Just step in the kitchen, and there you'll see
A glass of ale for your industry."
 Just try a glass or so.

I'm often told that I look so pale,
I must just try a glass of their fine old ale;
I'm getting so lean and lank and thin,
The grave is digging, I must soon drop in.

I like to hear, where'er I go,
A young man's brave, determined "No!"
That word is truth's all-powerful blow,
To lay corrupting error low.

Learn to say "No!"
To a glass or so;
There's harm in every glass, you know.
And so we've signed the Temperance pledge,
And now, where'er we go,
We tell them we are staunch teetotalers,
And always answer "No!"

In Bad Company.

MRS. N. C. ALGER.

FOR A GIRL OR BOY.

By the company he keeps,
It is said a man is known.
There's a monster in our land,
And he's seldom found alone.

Old King Alcohol's his name,
And the friend you'll always see
Is Tobacco. Where Rum is,
There Tobacco's sure to be.

So it's in bad company,
And we know it is not good.
We would put it, every bit,
In the ocean if we could.

Little Roy.

THOMAS R. THOMPSON.

[A true incident in Juvenile Templar life.]

LITTLE Roy was a Templar boy,
His mother's hope, his father's joy.
He was sometimes good and sometimes bad,
Sometimes joyous and sometimes sad.
One day when asked to tell a lie,
I heard him make this swift reply :
" I won't ; I'm pledged to never drink,
Smoke, gamble, swear ; so do not think
I'd lie, to save myself or you :
I'll keep my Templar pledge clean through."
" But lying," said the other boy,
" Wasn't in your pledge ; you know it, Roy."
" Well, perhaps in words it was not there,
But boys who lie, soon learn to swear.
The word was lacking ; still I claim
My pledge just meant it all the same."

A Little Bit of Brag.

L. PENNEY.

FOR A BOY.

MY mother often tells me that " little children should be seen and not heard " : she says, too, that " brag is a good dog, but hold fast is better." A very wise woman is my mother, but she never learned when she was a little girl what the girls and boys in our Band are learning. Maybe you think " Brag " is the name of my piece, but never mind ; we are very glad to see so many here, and we children *are* going to be " heard " if you will kindly listen to us. We

have learned so many things that everybody ought to know, and I will tell you some of them. God made our bodies, and we think some people ought to be ashamed of the way they treat theirs. He gave us clean mouths, and strong teeth for chewing our food, but not for chewing filthy tobacco.

I saw a man putting snuff up his nose the other day. Ugh! it made me sick. If snuff is good, do you not think God would have put our noses on upside down?

Then we have learned that all drinks such as beer, wine, cider, brandy, are bad because they contain alcohol, and alcohol is poison. The lungs do not want such stuff, the stomach does not need it, the heart is hurt by it, and has to do harder work in consequence; it poisons the blood, and the man who drinks is always in worse shape than the man who does not. These things cost money. I would rather have a nice book than all the cigars in the world. You buy a book, then you have something to show for it: you buy cigars, but they all end in smoke.

Yes, the drinker does have something to show for his money: a jolly red nose and watery eyes. Oh, I tell you, Temperance is the best for everybody! We mean to grow up Temperance men and women, because we will be better, healthier, richer, and live longer. Now, if I do "brag," isn't temperance worth bragging about? My father says: "When you find a good friend stand by him." Temperance is our friend, and we hope you want her for your own.

No Vote for Whiskey.

When I am old enough to vote,
I'll never vote for whiskey.
I won't, O no! and this is why:
Strong drink is vile and risky.

An Old Man's Advice.

BY S. KNOWLES.

FOR A BOY.

[This may be given in character ; the boy wearing a long overcoat, a man's high hat, and leaning on a cane.]

I'VE travelled a bit in my day,
And seen a few things in my time,
So if you will listen a moment to me,
I'll put a few thoughts into rhyme.

In travels at home and abroad,
I ne'er saw a pig that could fly ;
Nor have I e'er noticed a youth fond of drink
Who mounted in life very high.

A stone I have never seen swim ;
If thrown into water, it sinks.
And so does a man 'neath the surface soon go,
If alcoholic liquor he drinks.

I've often observed a big dog
On terms of good-will with a cat ;
But as for a drunkard, I never have seen
Him show so much kindness as that.

A hen will provide for her chicks ;
A bird of her young will take care ;
But a man or a woman who's given to drink
Won't work for themselves, I declare.

So now, you young people, one word—
If life you would fully enjoy :
Never enter saloons, don't touch any strong drink,
And all your spare time well employ.

Washington's Birthday.

MARY K. D. DINGWALL.

FOR A LITTLE BOY.

OH, how the world remembers !
It is many and many a day
Since the patriot George Washington
Grew old and passed away.

And yet to-day we are keeping
In memory of his birth,
And his deeds of truth and valor
Are told by every hearth.

How he fought for Independence,
All little school-boys know ;
And why we signed the Declaration
A hundred years ago.

To be as great as Washington,
I could not if I would ;
But I've made up my mind that I
Will try to be as good.

How Dobbin Told Tales.

MRS. F. CANNOCK.

FOR A GIRL.

" 'T WAS on a summer evening, when it was sweet and cool,
A little girl of eight years old came tripping home from
school.

Her father stood beside the door ; he had his horse and
cart,

And out upon a country round he was prepared to start.

"Oh, daddy," little Polly cried, "do let me go with you. You know you promised me a ride. Please, take me, daddy, do."

The father loved his little maid and granted her request. But mother felt a bit afraid, and thus her fears expressed :
"Now, John," said she, "whate'er you do, don't linger on the way,

And bring the child back safe to me, and don't get drinking, pray."

"All right," said John, "I'm not a fool. I know what I'm about."

So off they drove, while Polly turned to wave good-bye and shout.

John Dawson's cart delivered goods his master sold in town,

And through the pleasant country roads they rattled up and down.

But when they reached each beer-saloon, our Polly thought it queer

The horse would always there pull up and wait till they brought beer.

He minded neither whip nor word, but there he stood stock still,

Until the empty mug went back with money for the till.

And yet, I hope you understand that neither beer nor porter

Poor Dobbin wanted for himself, for *he* was all for water.

But he had got so used to stop at every ale-house sign

That, till his driver had his drop, 'twas vain to jerk the rein.

"Daddy," said Polly, "you forgot the parcel there to-day."

"No, no, my lass ; I hadn't one. They never deal our way."

"But if they never deal with you, why do you always stop?"

"Why, child, because old Dobbin knows his master wants a drop."

‘ But, daddy, if he thinks you’re dry, why doesn’t Dobbin stay

To let you drink at that nice spring we passed upon the way? ”

The father looked quite foolish then and answered not a word,

But still turned over in his mind the question he had heard.

He thought: “ It tells an ugly tale when Dobbin will not pass,

But stops at every beer-saloon until I’ve had my glass.

I’ll show the child I can control myself and him as well.

In future, Dobbin, you shall have no tales of me to tell.”

Past every one he urged the horse to go at extra speed,
And very soon the well-known signs they both had ceased to heed.

Soon after Dawson signed the pledge, and now he never fails

To tell how he was cured of drink by Dobbin telling tales !

A Strange Dream.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I had such a strange dream the other night that I could not help telling it to our President, and he said I must tell it to you.

I dreamed that a black, evil spirit came and cut down all the corn and made whiskey of it. Then the evil spirit cut all the barley and picked all the hops, and turned them into beer. Next he took all the peaches and berries for brandy. Then he took all the grapes for wine, and all the apples for hard cider. And I dreamed he poured the cider, brandy, beer, whiskey, and rum out of his mill, and drowned all the world, and the people all cried and screamed and groaned, and then were still and dead. Then I had another dream. I dreamed a good, white angel came and took all

the corn and barley for nice bread, and the hops for good yeast, and the grapes for sweet raisins, and the fruit for jelly and jam. And the angel gave the boys and girls the apples and peaches to eat. And in all the world there was not one drop of strong drink. I saw that every one was well and rich and glad. I heard songs and laughing all through the world. What did it all mean? It means this: The evil spirit is Alcohol. The white angel is Temperance.

—(Adapted from “*Temperance Second Reader.*”)

A New-Year's Call.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

[This will be found to be very amusing if recited well. A bright boy and girl should be chosen to take the parts. The boy should have on hat and coat, a rose in his button-hole, and carry a cane.]

JOHN.

WELL, I have arrived, Miss Mary,
I hope you are well this morning.

(Bowing and taking off hat.)

Your cheeks are as red as a rose
On the eastern skies at dawning.

(Bowing still lower.)

MARY.

Good-morning! Brave Master John,
I am happy indeed to meet you.

(Courtesying.)

'Tis a bright day in my life
That I am allowed to greet you.

(Courtesying still lower.)

JOHN.

Allow me to place a chair
That you may sit down, Miss Mary.

(Places chair, with profound bow.)

MARY.

Ah, no ! It is New-Year's day,
And I the presiding fairy.
(*Laughs softly.*)

JOHN.

Then I'll take a glass of wine,
Dear maiden, if it's handy.

MARY.

Beg pardon ; we serve *no* wine
To our guests, or beer, or brandy.

JOHN (*hanging his head*).

Excuse me ! I feel ashamed
In your presence, my dear friend Mary.
You have taught me a lesson true ;
Indeed, you are *my* good fairy.

MARY.

You are welcome, brave Master John,
I have only done my duty ;
If you let strong drink alone,
Your world will be full of beauty.
(*They shake hands and retire.*)

The Spider-Web.

WHENEVER I see
On bush or tree
A great big spider-web,
I say with a shout,
" Little fly, look out !
That web seems so pretty and white,
But a spider hides there and he's ready to bite."

So if any one here
Drinks cider or beer,
I say to him now
With my very best bow,
(*Bowing low.*)
“ Have a care of that lager or cider ;
For there hides a wicked old spider ;
And it fills him with joy
To catch man or boy,
And weave all about him with terrible might,
The meshes of habit—the rum appetite.

The Two Banners.

MRS. L. A. OBEAR.

HURRAH for the Star-spangled Banner !
(*Waves the stars and stripes.*)
The beautiful flag of the free !
Floating wide from the coasts of Alaska
To the rocks of our eastmost sea !

No gladder land in the sunshine,
When alive with the arts of Peace ;
None fairer sleeps in the starlight,
When the noise of its toilers cease.

The land our fathers fought for,
The flag for which they bled,
Till the fair fields held so sacred
With their bravest blood was red.

And hurrah for our Temperance Banner !
(*A white silk banner should be unfurled here.*)
With its folds fore'er unfurled
O'er the legion soldiers, fighting
For the freedom of the world !

May it loose the hold of the tyrant
Who binds men in his chains,
And disenthral the captives
Who have felt his woes and pains.

And may all who love the Union
And the starry flag of the free,
Enlist 'neath the Temperance Banner,
True freemen e'er to be.

A Boy's Suggestion.

PEOPLE talk about the beauty
Of a lad that never smokes,
And never plays a game of cards,
And always minds his folks :

What a manly-looking fellow
He will make in manhood's years,
With a healthy constitution
And a heart that has no fears !

This kind of talk is good enough
For any one to teach,
If folks would only bring to mind
To "practice what they preach."

I've had the deacon lecture me
On things like this enough,
While with the other hand he'd take
Another pinch of snuff.

And then he'd tell me solemnly,
With a face as long again,
To remember, while at play,
That the boys will make the men.

Now, to those who are always talking
With an everlasting noise,
I'd say, to make us good or bad,
'Tis the men that make the boys.

If the people round about us
Set examples good enough,
Boys who now are closely watching
Will not drink, nor chew, nor snuff.

—*Herald and Presbyter.*

A "Thankful" Speech.

L. P.

AUNTIE said the other day that I ought to be a very thankful child; that was when I was worrying about something I wanted and couldn't have. She told me I ought to count up my blessings, and I'd be surprised at what a long list of things I have for which I ought to be thankful. So, as Thanksgiving Day is here, when people are going to be very thankful and go to church, and then go home and eat a big turkey dinner, I thought I would take Auntie's advice, and make a list of what I am thankful for. Well, I am thankful that I can see and hear well; that I can walk, and run, and jump about; that I can read and sing; that I am well and have a good home; that I have a good mother and father, who give me all I ought to have, though sometimes I want more than they are willing to give me. I am thankful for such good friends as I have; now, for instance, Uncle John sent me a new book the other day, and when grandpa was here he gave me a quarter of a dollar. I am thankful that I live in this good country, where everybody can have a good home if he is willing to work for it. Now there are some places where I would not live for anything

—for instance, in Greenland, where I would have to eat blubber and oil. I hate oil. Then I would not want to live where it is so hot that one has to wear summer clothes all the time. I am thankful that I live just where I do, where the sun shines brightly, and the breezes blow from north, east, south, or west just as they choose to. I am patriotic, too, and am glad I live in America and in the United States, where we have such good schools, and I am going to learn all I can and be of some good when I grow up. Lastly, I am thankful that I can go to God and thank Him for all the good things He has given me, for as Auntie says, I must not forget that God is the Giver of all things. Yes, I am thankful, and hope you all are, too.

Busy Little People.

I KNOW some little people,
They number twenty-six ;
They're all such busy creatures,
And never cut up tricks.

Where'er you go, you find them,
In church or in a fair,
At banquets, balls, or parties—
Indeed, they're everywhere.

They help make up our dresses,
They finish hats and shoes ;
Without these little people
We'd never have the news.

Our reading and our spelling
We could not learn, you see ;
The letters to our grandma
Would never written be.

These busy little people
Join hands, and work together ;
They're toiling in the sunshine
And in the cloudy weather.

They teach by their example
How well we can succeed,
By working all together
When in a time of need.

They form a club—the name is—
You haven't guessed it yet ;
Then I will have to tell you,
It is the ALPHABET.

The Three Rules.

[This will make a good exercise for any school, or Juvenile Band, the leader asking the questions, and the class reciting the answers in concert. If used at a public meeting the leader should give the explanatory note before asking the question.]

LEADER.

THE different ways men deal with one another are spoken of as the three rules—one of iron, one of silver, and one of gold. The Iron Rule is hard and unkind ; it returns evil for evil. The Silver Rule is not so hard ; but it only returns good for good. The Golden Rule is the best of all—it returns good for evil.

Question.—What is the Iron Rule ?

Answer.—The rule of savage men :

If evil is done unto you,

Evil do thou again.

This is the Iron Rule.

Question.—What is the Silver Rule?

Answer.—The rule of worldly men :

If good your neighbor does to you,
Do good to him again.
This is the Silver Rule.

Question.—What is the Golden Rule?

Answer.—The rule of righteous men :

If evil is done unto you,
Return thou good again.
This is the Golden Rule.

My First Piece.

E. C. A. ALLEN.

ALTHOUGH I'm but a little man,
I cut a tidy figure.
Don't laugh at me, just wait a bit ;
You'll see I shall grow bigger.

The greatest men that ever lived
Were once as small as I ;
Nobody knows what I shall be
And do before I die.

I mean to make a stir in the world,
To do some good I'll try ;
And now I've said you my first piece
I'll bid you all good-bye.

A Poetical Pledge.

A. R. PHILLIPS.

THREE things there are I'll never do :
I'll never drink, nor smoke, nor chew.
I ne'er will form an appetite
For whiskey, beer, cigar, or pipe.

No alcohol or nicotine
Around my person shall be seen.
And three things more I will beware :
I'll never lie, nor steal, nor swear.
I'll speak the truth to every one ;
What is not mine I'll let alone.
My lips, I pledge, shall ever be
From naughty oaths and by-words free.
Now these six things I will forbear :
I'll never drink, nor smoke, nor chew, nor lie, nor
steal, nor swear.

A Little Merry Boy.

M. A. PAULL.

I MET a little merry boy,
With face so bright and gay,
And from his lips a joyous laugh
Broke forth that sunny day.
He walked, a banner holding high,
A medal on his breast,
And both his smiles and kindling eyes
His happiness expressed.

" My little lad," to him I said,
" Where hasten you this morn ?
Why carry you this pretty flag,
And thus yourself adorn ? "

" Oh ! don't you know our Band of Hope ? "
He quickly answered me,
" We go to-day to Bradley Woods
To play, and then take tea. "

" A Band of Hope, a Band of Hope—
What means those words, my child ? "
The little fellow looked at me,
And shook his head and smiled.

"You know full well," he said at last,

"You're asking me for fun ;
And yet I'll tell ; a Band of Hope
Is Temperance work begun.

"Begun with little boys and girls,
But oh ! sir, when we're grown,
We'll show some good and glorious fruit,
From all this seed that's sown.
We mean to stop the sale of drink,
And stop the making, too ;
When all the world's teetotal, sir,
There'll be no need to brew."

"Stop, stop, my boy," at that I said,
"You've too much sense to think
That ever there will dawn a day
When all eschew strong drink."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he,
His handsome face aglow,

"I do believe with all my heart,
Strong drink will be laid low.

"And what is more, I do believe
That I shall live to see
The end of wine, and gin, and beer,
And all that company.
And won't I help to shout ' Hurrah !'
King Alcohol's laid low !—
But now, I'm off to Bradley Woods,
Good-bye, sir, I must go."

A Great Giant.

I ALWAYS like to read about giants, how strong they were, and what wonderful things they did. We do not have that kind of people nowadays ; once in a while we see a big, tall man, but he is nothing like Goliath and the people I have

read of. I have found, though, that there is one very old and wicked giant still living. He has done a great deal of mischief and evil. I will tell you about him.

He is nearly six thousand years old! He dresses in rags. His face is cut and bruised. Sometimes he is crazy and does not know what he is saying to anybody. He has built a great many prisons in the world, and he has put all the men and women he could catch into them. When he gets the fathers and mothers into prison he takes away the children's bread, and they starve to death. *His name is* GIANT INTEMPERANCE. I hate him and am going to fight him (*stamps foot*). Will you help? The way to fight him is by drinking cold water, and trying to get everybody else to do so. God will help us as we fight against him.

Did You Ever?

D. G.

DID you ever see a puppy with legs behind his tail?
Did you ever see an elephant talking to a snail?
Did you ever see a crocodile walking up the street?
Did you ever see a mackerel with boots upon its feet?
Did you ever see a billy-goat draw water from a well?
Did you ever see a pussy-cat learning how to spell?
A stranger sight than any of these things I can tell,
To see men take to drinking because they don't feel well!

Did you ever see a pony playing with a kite?
Did you ever see a peacock learning how to write?
Did you ever see a spider in a fashionable hat?
Did you ever see a flagstaff looking plump and fat?
Did you ever see an oyster climbing up a tree?
Did you ever see a mushroom growing in the sea?
Well, none of these queer sights would seem so strange to
me,
As to see a man go drinking from troubles to get free.

My Drink.

[This can be recited by one child or divided among four.]

I DRINK of the liquor the red rose sips,
That never puts poison to her sweet lips :
Her cheeks are as fair as the rising morn,
And crimsoned like cloudlets that eve adorn ;
She scents the glad air with her fragrant breath,
And steals away woe from this world of death.
The Queen of the flowers in smiling May,
Drinks water, but water, the livelong day.

I drink of the liquor the eagle seeks,
That sweeps from his home in the mountain peaks,
And joyfully drinks of the brimming cup
Whose waters forever are welling up ;
Then screaming his joy, on proud pinions borne,
He rises to welcome the coming morn :
Would you, like the eagle, be strong and free,—
Drink water, pure water, with him and me.

I drink the liquor transparent and bright
That springs in the valley a fountain of light :
That deepens the green where it secretly flows,
And lies like a gem in the heart of the rose.
It strengthens the bole of the towering pine ;
It flows through the veins of the generous vine ;
Our mother presents it to every one free,—
The nectar of heaven, the liquor for me.

I drink of the liquor the heavens distill,
That leaps in delight from the forest-clad hill,
O'er moss-covered ledges, with white tripping feet,
Whose praises the birds in their anthems repeat ;

There's joy in its music, there's health in its flow,
And bliss the intemperate never can know.
Quaff water, then, brothers—quaff water with me—
“The drink of the wise, and the wine of the free.”

Since Papa Doesn't Drink.

FOR A GIRL.

My papa's awful happy now, and mamma's happy too,
'Cause papa drinks no more the way he used to do.
And everything's so jolly now—'tain't like it used to be
When papa never stayed at home with poor mamma and
me.

It made me feel so very bad to see my mamma cry,
And though she'd smile I'd spy the tears a-hiding in her
eye.

But now she laughs just like we girls—it sounds so 'cute, I
think—

And sings such pretty little songs—since papa doesn't
drink.

You ought to see my Sunday dress—it's every bit all new;
It ain't made out of mamma's dress the way she used to do,
And mamma's got a pretty cloak all trimmed with funny fur.
And papa's got some nice new clothes and goes to church
with her.

My papa says that Christmas-time will soon be here,
And maybe good old Santa Claus will find our house this
year.

I hope he'll bring some candy, and a dolly that can wink,
He'll know where our home is, I'm sure—since papa doesn't
drink.

—*Chicago Herald.*

A Very Short Speech.

THE violets and roses drink the rain and the dew;
The drink of the flowers is the best drink for you.

In the Hospital.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

IN a clean, cool ward, though the day was hot,
A crippled child lay in his cot :
The fever raged in his shrunken hands,
And his temples throbbed 'neath the linen bands.

The white-capped nurse was standing by,
When the kind-faced doctor with a sigh
Said, "Tim, my hero, how do you do?"
Said Tim, "I'm weak, sir, how are you?"

"A glass of wine," was the answer low ;

"His end is near, it is better so."

Poor Tim called out, through the shadows dim,
"*No wine ! please sing me my temperance hymn.*"

The hymn was sung, a prayer was said,
And the little hero, so brave, was dead ;
But not before, while his eyes waxed bright,
He had said, "*Good-bye, poor Tim's all right.*"

No, Sir.

BOY.

SHOULD an evil-minded person
Seek to lead our steps astray,
Urge to drinking, gambling, smoking,
This is what we boys will say :
No, sir, no !

GIRL.

Should the tempter to allure us
Offer pleasures fair and gay,
He shall never charm, deceive us,
This is what we girls shall say :
No, sir, no !

BOY.

Satan subtle is and busy,
Ever seeking souls to slay ;
But he cannot triumph o'er us,
If we always firmly say :
No, sir, no !

GIRL.

'Twas a pebble slew Goliath,
In that old, unequal fray ;
Sin, our giant, we shall conquer,
If we will but bravely say :
No, sir, no !

Opening Address for Christmas Festival.

REV. J. A. DAVIS.

DEAR FRIENDS:—We are glad to see you here, and bid you welcome to our Christmas festival.

We have not invited you here that you might see what we have learned in our school—that we try to show every day—but that you may enjoy Christmas with us. This is not an exhibition, but a festival ; a time to be glad, and we wish you all to be happy with us.

In behalf of all our members, I wish you each a Merry Christmas ; and to show that we mean it, we will try to do what we can to make you feel cheerful. If we fail, don't forget that at least we tried to please you.

It may be that some of you would like nothing but fun, and others wish everything solemn. Did you ever think that the funniest thing in the world is a monkey, and the most solemn one an owl ? We are neither, but mean to be just what God made us—happy children ; sometimes laughing and sometimes serious, but children. Christmas is

children's day. This is just the time of all the year that God seems to have set apart for children. It was on this night that the great God Himself came down to earth to be a little child.

We cannot help being happy and singing cheerful songs. And why should we not sing? The angels set us the example, for they began the first Christmas eighteen hundred and ninety-two years ago with songs and gladness.

Maybe you think we are glad only because we receive gifts on Christmas day. Did you ever see a boy or girl who did not like to receive a Christmas present? We have not one of that kind among us, I can assure you. Gifts make us happy, but we remember that the greatest gift ever given to earth was when God sent His dear Son as a little babe. We love to read of His wonderful coming, and we wish with all our hearts that when His birthday comes around, every boy and girl on earth could receive a Christmas token. But many homes are homes of poverty and sorrow. We have learned that the saddest home is the one made so by strong drink. We wish it could be banished from our land, then we could have plenty and peace.

Like Beasts.

MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

WE should not say men drink like beasts,
For beasts drink only water;
A good example thus they set
To every son and daughter.

Go stand within the farmer's fence,
See him lead in his cattle;
They know when they have drunk enough:
Is not that half the battle?

Now let us drop into the trough
A little gin or whiskey ;
We'll say, " Oh, they will never know,
'Twill only make them frisky."

Not know ? The cattle are too wise !
With instinct God has given
They smell the poison, and you'll see
To drink they can't be driven.

You tell us men drink like the beasts ;—
You're very much mistaken ;
For if they did the liquor-stores
Would soon be quite forsaken.

They'd smell the poison from afar,
And flee from the temptation ;
If only they would drink like beasts
We'd have a temperance nation.

No liquor-stores would crowd the way,
But springs of clear cold water
Would satisfy the daily thirst
Of every son and daughter.

A glow would spread through every line
Of every face and figure,
And length of life and happy days
Would speak of health and vigor.

Then tell us not men drink like beasts,
'Tis cruel thus to shame them ;
Wait till the dumb beasts drink like men
Before we thus defame them.

A Sunflower Exercise.

EDNA M. GUNNISON-HAWLEY.

FOR FOUR BOYS.

[Each should have a sunflower in his button-hole.]

ALL.

OLD King Cole was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old fellow was he;
But he called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

FIRST BOY.

Our Sunflower King is a merry old thing,
Oh, a jolly old fellow is he!
But he never smokes, though he often jokes
With a little *son*-flower like me.

SECOND BOY.

The jolly old soul never calls for his bowl,
For Adam's ale drinks he.
That's why I think that water is the drink
For a little *son*-flower like me.

THIRD BOY.

A grasshopper thin plays the first violin,
For a lover of music is he;
So a fife and a drum, I think, become
A little *son*-flower like me.

FOURTH BOY.

King Sunflower bold will never grow old,
For a sunshiny heart has he;
And that's why a smile is worn all the while
By a little *son*-flower like me.

ALL.

King Sunflower's crown shall never go down ;
His subjects true are we.
And we'll all wear the yellow for the jolly old fellow,
And brave little *son*-flowers be.

That's why we appear with our emblems dear,
So all our friends can see
That we are the ones to prove that the *sons*
Are the flowers of the family.

Who Killed Poor Robin ?

P. S. B.

[This can be recited by one child, or divided up among ten, each taking a verse.]

WHO killed poor Robin ?

"I," said the barmaid dandy,

"I, with my beer and brandy,

I killed poor Robin."

Who saw him die ?

With the tear-drops in her eye,

Said his widowed mother, "I,

I saw him die."

Who caught his blood ?

Said the men in wigs, "We think

Well it pays when people drink,

We caught his blood."

Who dug his grave ?

"I," said the parson ample,

"I set a bad example,

I dug his grave."

Who made his shroud ?

“ I,” said his doctor sadly,
“ I gave him wine when badly,
I made his shroud.”

Who'll sing the psalm ?

Said the elder, “ I, for he
Kept not moderate like me,
I'll sing the psalm.”

Who'll be chief mourner ?

Said his boon friend, “ I, alas !
For I led him to the glass,
I'll be chief mourner.”

Who'll carry him to the grave ?

“ We,” said the Templars ready,
“ We, for our legs are steady,
We'll carry him to the grave.”

Who'll pull the bell ?

“ I,” said a maid a-weeping,
“ I, for my love lies sleeping.”
So, poor Robin, farewell.

All the Band of Hope children

Fell a-cryin' and sobbin',
As the bride rung the death-knell
Of her lover—young Robin.

Signs of Rain.

“ I KNEW it would rain,” said the farmer's girl,
“ When I looked at the morning-glories,
For their bells have been open the whole day long,
And they're flowers that tell no stories.”

"I knew it would rain," said the farmer's boy,
"Because of the cars—I could hear them,
Though so far away they rolled over the rails,
As plainly as if I was near them."

"I knew it would rain," said the farmer's wife,
"For the sound of the wind was so hollow,
And when the wind's moaning and sighing that way,
Why, a hail-storm is sure to follow."

"I knew it would rain," said the farmer himself,
"For this reason—the old barnyard pump is
So damp that to-day it was not primed at all,
And it's gen'rally dry as a stump is."

"I knew it would rain," said the good grandmamma,
"When I saw our old tabby cat playing,
For when cats at her age like their own kittens play,
Look out for wet weather, I'm saying."

And so when the rain just at twilight came down,
And the wind, with a splash and dash, threw it
'Gainst the doors and the windows, each sign was recalled
And every one said, "There! I knew it."

The Father's Lesson.

K. E. C.

A LITTLE lad sat in his own high chair,
Blue were his eyes and golden his hair;
But the sunny smile had flown from his face,
And an ugly frown had taken its place.

The table was laden with dainty food,
But nothing could tempt his naughty mood;
His tumbler sparkled with water clear,
While that of his father was filled with beer.

There lay the grievance ; and soon he said
(With a saucy toss of his curly head):
I mean to grow up as fast as I can,
And I'll *always* drink beer when I'm a man !”

But the mother's cheek grew blanched with fear,
And she glanced from her boy to the glass of beer ;
Till now it had only a beverage been,
But her eyes were opened, and lurking within

She saw the germs of folly and crime,
Rapidly swelling 'neath touch of time ;
Hiding all trace of a once good name,
Revelling in a drunkard's shame.

She glanced at her husband ; his face was sad,
The wilful words of his little lad
Had reached his heart ; and he stopped to think :
“ O God ! am I tempting my boy to drink ?

“ In me it awakens no craving for more,
And stronger spirits I loathe and abhor ;
But my son may be tempted, though I be strong,
And through my example he may go wrong.

“ Please God, he shall never be able to say—
‘ I began to love it, when day by day,
I saw my father his tumbler fill,
And knew that in him it worked no ill.’ ”

Then, meeting the anxious gaze of his wife :
“ Will you join,” said he, “ in a pledge for life ?
For the sake of our child, and because it is right
To shield his life from drink's curse and blight.”

So the pledge was signed ; and that lurking fear
Vanished for aye with the glass of beer.
And the boy grew up to make them blest,
And took for his motto, “ Water is best.”

Why I Feel Patriotic.

L. P.

FOR A BOY.

I ALWAYS feel like hurrahing when the Fourth of July comes around. 'Tis such a jolly day for us boys. It is the one day in the year when we can make as much noise as we please. No trouble in waking us early—in fact we do not have to be waked up at all. With the first peep of daylight we are on hand with our fire-crackers and patriotic fun. I think we ought always to feel patriotic, because we have the grandest nation under the sun. What have we not to be grateful for? As the poet says :

“ We should be good and grateful too,
For (spite of growlers) it is true :
We have more cause for joy and mirth
Than any people on the earth,
For God has strewn with bounteous hand
Unnumbered blessings o'er our land.
A climate giving vigorous health,
Great mountains stowed with mineral wealth,
Vast plains of rich and fertile land,
So great, that few can understand
Their vastness. There no longer roams
The buffalo, but pleasant homes
Now dot the plains from shore to shore,
With room for tens of thousands more.
Our forests, greatest and the best
In all the world ; we're also blest
With mighty lakes that teem with fish ;
We've everything that heart can wish.
In sight of nearly every door
A school-house stands for rich and poor
Alike, for education's free
To all ; the country pays the fee,

Which shows our fathers just and wise,
For freedom thrives, when ignorance dies.
And then we have the Gospel light
To make the darkest places bright.
No matter where, or when you stray,
Or stop upon the Sabbath day,
You'll hear the church bell answering bell
In lively chimes, or solemn knell.
A righteous people cannot fall,
For God is ruler over all.
So free our land that none have cause
But evil men to fear our laws."

No slaves under the stars and stripes, unless they are slaves to their own evil habits. We boys are learning that strong drink is the very worst kind of bondage. One thing we mean to do when we are men and make the laws, is to make it a great deal harder for men to get drunk than it is now. We will have no saloon on the corner. No, sir! The saloon must go! We will drive the business out. Maybe you think we can't do it, but we can. We'll never say fail. We have signed a Declaration of Independence against strong drink, and if you have not already done so, you cannot better celebrate the day than by coming up and following our example. Then we'll give three cheers for you, and three cheers for the Fourth of July.

An Explanation.

A. H. HUTCHINSON.

THE next thing down on the programme
I'd like you to let me explain;
You will see just the one word: "Collection."
What it means I'll proceed to make plain.

There's a great many kinds of collections—
(Now why are you going to frown?)

There is one we are in at this minute,
A collection of houses—a town.

Sometimes there's another collection
Of people like you in a hall,
Sometimes a collection of children
Like us sitting here, large and small.

You have heard a collection this evening
Of pieces we worked hard to learn,
And now that our work is over
We suppose that you think it's your turn.

And now we will pass 'round the baskets
And hope very soon they will hold
A very important collection
Of coins, of silver and gold.

There's a man over there by the doorway
Who is just getting ready to go;
Just hurry up with that basket,
He'll give us a dollar, I know.

One man has forgotten his money;
I'll tell you, now, just what to do:
Just borrow a dollar—or something—
From that man right next to you.

What are Little Girls Good For?

MRS. L. A. OBEAR.

FOR A GIRL.

“OH, what are little girls good for?”

You say when we tease or cry.

“What are little girls good for?”

To make women of by and by;—

Women you'll all be proud of;
For, though no doubt, like the rest,
We shall prate about ribbons and laces,
And frizzes and "bangs" with the best.
We shall stand with Temperance workers
At morn, at noon, and at night;
When the year comes in and when it goes out,
And we *never* will cease from the fight,
Till the drink that spreads crime and sorrow,
And darkness and death through the land,
Is beaten and banished forever,—
You'll see how firm we shall stand.
When expected to smile and to simper
On a man, whom we know by his breath
Has drank from the tempting wine-cup
The drink that's the drink of death,
You'll find then what we are good for—
That each of us girls, one and all,
Were meant for one thing,—to be women,—
To help banish King Alcohol.

The Big Mince-Pie.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

FOR A BOY.

I WENT to my aunt's
For a real good time;
And in my coat pocket
I had a new dime.
The table was set
For the dinner—oh, my!
There, right in the middle,
Was a big mince-pie!
(*Describes a large circle with his arms.*)

I went to my seat
With the greatest joy,
And an appetite—well,
You know—I'm a boy.
My aunt was polite,
And so was I,
Till I took a large bite
Of that big mince-pie.

“Oh! what ails the boy?”
Then my poor aunt cried.
“He has surely a fit,”
And she came to my side.
Then I said—as I looked her
Straight in the eye,
“I have broken my pledge
With your brandy mince-pie.”
(*Hides face in his hands.*)

Then my poor aunt sighed.
She knew 'twas not right
To cheat a poor boy
With a big appetite,
And make him do wrong;
But she said, “Dear, I
Will never put brandy
In another mince-pie!”

A Tiny Tot.

[For a little girl with doll in her arms.]

I'm nothing but a tiny tot,
Yet one thing's very clear,
A little pledge-card I have got,
I drink no wine or beer.

Before my head was high enough
To reach the window-ledge,
My mother took my hand in hers,
And made me sign the pledge.

But though I'm such a little mite,
You'll hardly think it's true,
I've got six lovely darling dolls,
And they're teetotalers too.

They've never had the smallest taste ;
I made each little miss
Put down her name in mother's book,
Before she had a kiss.

Perhaps you wonder how 'twas done,—
How I could make them sign ;
Why, can't you see ? I held their hands,
As mother dear did mine.

My kittie is cunning as can be,
And she's teetotal, too ;
I asked her would she sign,
And she answered me, " Meow—meow !"
That means yes.

My First Speech.

A. H. HUTCHINSON.

THEY thought I couldn't make a speech,
Because I am so small,
But perhaps if they're not careful,
I'll beat them one and all.
I do not use tobacco,
Or whiskey, wine, or beer,
So, if you want a temperance boy
You see one right up here.

What Jerry Caught.

R. P. SCOTT.

PERHAPS you've heard of Jerry Joy,
A very naughty little boy.
One day he would a-fishing go,
Although his mother had said "No."
He left his home at half-past eight,
And took with him a can of bait,
A fishing-rod, a line, and hook,
And off he went down to the brook.

A light wind blew, the morn was fine ;
Baiting the hook, he cast the line.
He waited. Hour on hour went by,
But not a single fish came nigh.
At last he thought he'd got a bite ;
He pulled and tugged with all his might,
And to the bank he slowly drew—
A fish? Oh, no. A worn-out shoe.

And when again the line he cast,
He caught his trousers firm and fast.
In trying to take out the hook,
He slipped and fell into the brook.
He was not drowned, I'm glad to say,
But no more sport for him that day.
He looked upon his muddy clothes,
And said, "My mother, I suppose,
Won't know me, I am such a fright."
Ah! Jerry was mistaken! quite.

When home he got, all in a mess—
He caught a—something—you can guess.

Just a Word.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

FOR A VERY LITTLE GIRL.

I'M only just a little tot,
So can't speak very loud.
I feel it makes you awful hot
To stand before a crowd.
So I will tell you pretty quick,
What I got up to say,
Because I may be taken sick,
Break down or faint away ;
Now, never say a single thing
You'd not like Ma to hear ;
Then you will never cause a sigh
Or make her shed a tear.

My Powers.

I HAVE two hands, a right and left,
And fingers—ten in number ;
Out of the palms' end they are cleft,
With naught their use to cumber.

Two eyes to see, two ears to hear,
All sights and sounds whatever ;
A tongue to speak good words of cheer,
But lies and bad words, never !

A heart and brain to feel and judge,
Two feet which none may fetter ;
These powers I'll use without a grudge,
To make the world grow better.

The Merry Maiden.

FOR A BOY.

IT chanced one morn as I walked along,
I met a merry maiden ;
With a three-legged milking-stool and pail,
Her plump little arms were laden.
“ Whither away, pretty maid ? ” said I,
By way of salutation ;
“ I’m going a-milking, sir,” she said,
“ For that is my occupation.”
“ Oh, pray, little maid, may I come too ?
Your stool I’ll gladly carry.”
“ No, thank you, sir,” she said. “ Good-day,
I’m busy and must not tarry.”
I met her again going home, and I said,
“ Come show me your milk, my daughter.”
She laughed aloud and I laughed too,
For her pail was filled with water.

I Mean What I Say.

FOR A BOY.

HERE I am, a bit of a boy. No whiskers ; no beard ; hardly out into my teens yet, but I think I can make a speech, if I can only get anybody to listen to me. I don’t want to preach to you as if I was your grandfather, but I just want to say what I mean, and I know I mean what I say. I hate intoxicating drink as much as anybody does, and I hate it because there is nothing lovable about it. I could even love spiders and beetles and toads, because God made them, and I know they must be of some use, or He would never have created them ; but I cannot love rum and whiskey and gin, and I do not mean to try to do it.

They were not on this earth when God said that all was "good," and I am not going to believe that He ever intended men to make them or swallow them. People talk about everything being sent for our use, but, although I am only a boy, I hope I have sense enough to see the difference between what man makes and God creates ; and you cannot make me believe that God ever meant such liquid fire to be put inside our bodies any more than He intended us to eat tobacco and smoke opium, like lots of people do. We were put into this beautiful world, and sense was given to choose the good and refuse the bad, and if men are so foolish as to choose the bad and refuse the good, then they must not lay the blame upon my Heavenly Father. I think that a tree is known by its fruits, and if you can find any good fruit on the drink tree, I am ready to eat it ; but if you cannot, here is a boy that means to say NO.

I like good things, and if you do not believe me, just ask me to dinner, and put a good big dish of jam tarts on the table, and I will soon make you open your eyes ; but I am not going to drink one single drop of the stuff that drives men mad, and makes more tears flow every year than could be put in our water-tank. I know you will say, "Oh, it will be all right if you do not take too much." But I do not like to be sent to catch a ball when it is rolling down hill. I would much rather stop it, as the Irishman said, before it started. If you can tell me that you are certain that I shall never grow up a drunkard, I might listen to you, but if you cannot promise me that, I mean to "leave well alone," and to grow up, by God's help, a good man and an out-and-out teetotaler, and I mean to work hard to try and save our country from the only enemy she has to fear—"Strong drink."

“No.”

D. H.

[A boy or girl should recite the verses distinctly and earnestly, and, at the close of each verse, a chorus of voices should speak in unison the word “No,” very boldly.]

WE belong to the Juvenile Temperance Band.
We must learn this word if we firm would stand—
(All). No.

If any one says to us, “Take some beer,”
You should hear us shout out loud and clear—
(All). No!

Cider, or Brandy, or home-made Wine,
Port, Sherry, or Mead—be it ever so fine—
(All). No!

For many a drunken man to-day
Had been sober and glad had he learned to say—
(All). No.

So we'll keep our promise firm and fast,
And learn to say, lest we fail at last—
(All). No.

We all stand pledged to renounce strong drink;
And, as from the tempting glass we shrink,
We say, without stopping a moment to think—
NO! NO!! NO!!!

The Young Soldier.

I'M very young for a soldier,
That you can plainly see;
But if you'll only wait awhile
You'll hear great deeds of me.
My battle-field must be the world,
Where I must bravely fight;
The wrong must be my enemy,
And I'll strike for the right!

Why on Earth do People Smoke?

EDWARD W. S. ROYDS.

HE sat amid a cloud of smoke,
No sound the evening stillness broke,
His little son was sitting by,
And every now and then would sigh.
Tommy stretched on the garden chair,
His eyes so bright, his legs so bare;
Then opened wide those wistful eyes,
And in a tone of great surprise,
Said, "Father dear, don't think I joke,
But why on earth do people smoke?"
His father leaned upon his book
And then put on a puzzled look;
"My boy, I do not know at all."
And then he let his features fall,
And giving him a playful poke,
He slowly said, "Why don't you smoke?"
The saucer eyes grew bigger still,
And then with tears began to fill;
"I have tried hard, but found I couldn't,
You mustn't think 'tis 'cause I wouldn't;
I did try hard to learn it, Dad,
But oh, it made me feel so bad;
I longed to smoke before I tried,
But oh!—I thought I should have died."
His father smiled. And then again
With emphasis the question came,
"But, father dear, don't think I joke,
Why ever do the people smoke?"
Then came the answer, low and clear,
"You puzzle father, Tommy dear.
But just to keep you from suspense,
I think it is—for want of sense."

The Little Shop-Keeper.

FOR A LITTLE BOY.

[He should have a big basket on his arm filled with his wares.]

I AM a little shop-keeper ;
You may not think it quite ;
But if you'll come to me and buy,
I'll count your change quite right.

You may ask for anything you want,
For sugar or for tea,
Though please do not expect too much ;
Ma gives the things to me.

Sometimes she says she has none,
Or not enough to sell ;
Then I use sand for sugar ;
It does almost as well.

Sometimes I'm butcher too, but Ma
Says it is funny meat
I sell ; just apples cut in joints ;
But they're real good to eat.

Sometimes I keep a toy-shop,
Then dolls and cradles, too,
Horses and soldiers, balls and tops,
Are always put in view.

Then I a baker often turn—but there !
Whatever trade I think ;
Except one thing—I never keep
A shop to sell bad drink !

I won't have anything to do
With gin or beer, you see,
And never will, not now, nor when
I quite grown up shall be.

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EDITED BY

MISS L. PENNEY,

Editor of "The Juvenile Temperance Reciter," Nos. 1, 2, and 3 ;
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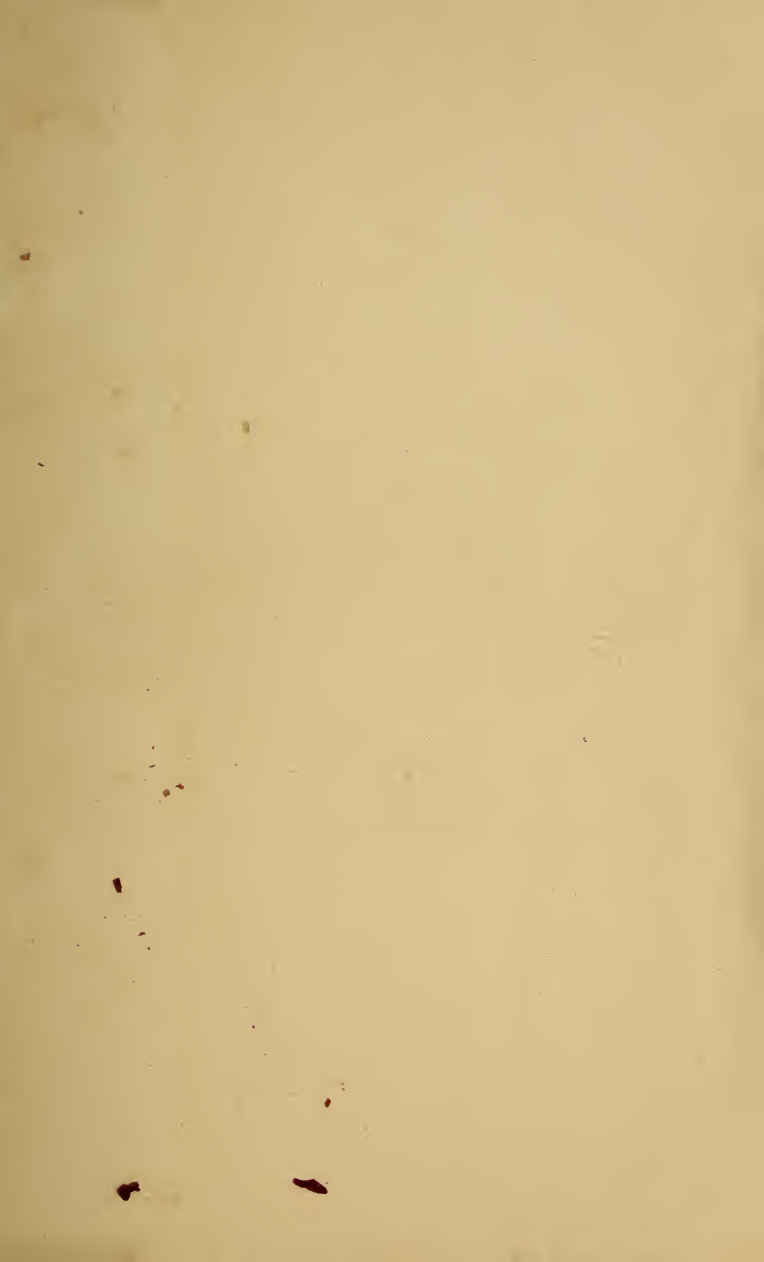
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